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A N

E S S A Y

ON THE

S T A G E;

O R,

The ART of ACTING.

A P O E M.

Quid deceat quid non: quo virtus, quo ferat error. HOR.

Why was the Actor stain'd by laws decree?
Passions refiner, truth's awak'ner he.

HILL.

EDINBURGH:

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was written by a young Gentleman merely for his Amusement, without the least Thought of committing it to the Press; and, had it not accidentally fallen into the Hands of a Friend, it never had made its appearance in this Manner,

Perhaps, if strictly scrutiniz'd, there may be found some few Errors, which, had it been printed under the Author's inspection, would doubtless have been amended; but, as it is published without his Knowledge or Consent, I have not taken the Liberty to alter one Line; but printed it verbatim from the original Copy.— If it contributes any Way to the Amusement of the Publick, the End is answer'd of him, who is always proud to subscribe himself,

Their most obedient Servant,

A COMEDIAN.

P R E F A C E

THE following is a list of the
young gentlemen who have
been admitted to the
school of the Royal
Academy of Music, and
who have been appointed
to the various departments
of the institution.



For the purpose of
the following list, the
names of the young
gentlemen who have
been admitted to the
school of the Royal
Academy of Music, and
who have been appointed
to the various departments
of the institution, are
given in alphabetical
order. The names of
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A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
S T A G E, &c.

TO sweeten precept, and instruct the mind
By force of numbers, was of old design'd.
No new found track, which giddy wits
produce,
My steps pursue; but paths long since in use.
That *art* my theme, the passions can controul,
And waken each sensation of the soul;
That *art* admir'd thro' many a distant age,
Since sense approv'd, and virtue rais'd the stage.
Thou first great *Athens*! bid the *drama* rise,
The charm to goodness, while the scourge of vice:
Nor less, *O Rome*! thy nobler sons admir'd
That *art*, which *Athens* taught, and sense inspir'd:
Receiv'd it worthy of immortal fame,
And join'd the actor's with the poet's name;
Nor less it's pow'r obey'd, that fir'd the brave,
Could free the exile, and a country save.

SUCH eloquence thy power, O wondrous art!
 Whose tender strokes afflict, yet charm the heart:
 As thro' the sense thy stealing transports move,
 We glow with rapture, and with tears approve:
 Grief, anger, terror, in their turns succeed,
 And now with rage we burn, and now with pity
 bleed:

Transform'd by thee, the wretched can be gay,
 Forget the cares and troubles of the day,
 And laugh, with thee, the jocund hours away. }

ATTEND the verse, who would in this be shown,
 To warm our hearts with passions not our own;
 To make our tears in friendly sorrow flow,
 And fill our souls with sympathizing woe.
 Great is their merit who in this excell,
 In this no little art of acting well.

ENLIV'NING *nature* first should fire the brain;
 (a) Without a *genius*, *precept* is but vain.
 From heav'n this pow'r, it's origin divine,
 Nor art can teach it, nor the verse define.
 When this is absent, vain are TULLY's rules;
 All vain the tedious lessons of the schools:
 Not BYSHE's rhimes a poet could inspire,
 Nor e'en LONGINUS give the critic fire.

(b) THO'

(a) *Nihil præcepta atque artes valent, nisi adjuvante natura.*

QUINTILIAN.

(b) Tho' nature only can inspire the mind,
 This inspiration is by art refin'd;
 Clear'd from that undigested mass of things,
 Which from a rude neglected genius springs:
 As on the soil that never feels the plough,
 Rank weeds and barren thistles wildly grow.
 For, tho' nor art, nor genius can prevail,
 United both, shall merit never fail.
 If then a happy genius be your praise,
 (c) To feel those passions you would wish to raise;
 With

(b) — *Ego nec studium sine divite vendi,
 Nec rude quid prodest video ingenium; alterius sic
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.*

HORACE.

(c) *Ut ridentibus adrident, ita flentibus adflent
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
 Telephe, vel Pelæu. Male si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. —*

Ars poetica.

This Passage is thus very beautifully translated by Mr. FRANCIS.

With those who laugh, our social joy appears,
 With those who mourn, we sympathize in tears.
 If you would have me weep, begin the strain;
 Then shall I feel your sorrows, feel your pain.
 But if your heroes act not what they say,
 I laugh or sleep the lifeless scene away.

Summa circa movendos affectus in hoc posita est, ut moveamur ipsi.

QUINTILIAN.

This sentiment is justly translated by Mr. ROLLIN.

*Le plus important de tout est, que pour toucher les autres, il
 faut être touché soi même.*

I lay it down therefore as a point indisputably necessary for the
 forming of a good player.

With tragic fire to charm th' admiring age,
 Or in light comic scenes to grace the stage;
 First learn to taste a work of sense or wit,
 With the same judgment that it first was writ:
 Be action next your more peculiar care;
 (d) Action the life, the being of a play'r!
 Then let your mem'ry and your speech be try'd;
Art gives to these what *nature* has deny'd.

IF to the tragic muse you're most inclin'd,
 With stores of judgment elevate the mind:
 Read, to this end, whate'er has rais'd the stage,
 (e) The works of genius back thro' ev'ry age.
 Nor to the drama all your search confine:
 In epic strains the passions nobly shine.
 The chief of bards peruse with greatest care;
 All that is great in nature's self is there:
 Hence learn the attitudes of grief and rage,
 The silent passions that our hearts engage:
 Mark how *ATRIDES* doth the chiefs controul;
 Mark the fierce sallies of *ACHILLES'* soul;
 Here read, and shudder at the thund'ring noise,
 And start at words that need no actor's voice;

Here

(d) *Est actio quasi quædam corporis eloquentia.* CICERO.

(e) HORACE gives this advice to the poets, which as well
 belongs to the players,

—— *Vos exemplaria Græca,
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

From which Mr. POPE has borrow'd these lines very judiciously;
 For antient writers learn a just esteem,
 To copy nature, you must copy them.

Here mix the fight, now battle on the ground,
 Now mount the car, and feel each heroe's wound;
 Attract a sympathy, the danger share,
 Shout with the victor, with the vanquish'd fear;
 Learn thence the passions----learn from ev'ry page
 The action, speech, that dignifie the stage.

WITH this great standard all your parts compare;
 And next be SHAKESPEAR your immediate care:
 Tho' oft he stoop'd to please the barren age,
 With trifling scenes and loose bombastic rage;
 Here you may learn to trace the nobler part,
 Where nature shines beyond the critic's art.
 Boldly to JOHNSON's lines your judgment trust,
 Play as he wrote, and all will then be just.
 Beware the looser scenes of FLETCHER's days,
 When the wits club'd to stock the world with plays.
 With caution soar with proud gigantic LEE,
 From him learn grandeur, but from madness free.
 Speak OTWAY's sense, with nature, strength and ease,
 In ROWE 'scape dulness, and you're sure to please.
 For later writers learn a just esteem,
 With caution praise, but never dare condemn.
 To nature's fountain constantly apply,
 There freely drink; the source can never dry.
 Much art like wine intoxicates the brain,
 Nature's clear spring corrects the mind again.
 Then who with merit and success would play,
 Art must ensure, and nature point the way.

Tho' strength of speech and dignity of air
 Assist perfection, in the tragic play'r,

True

True greatness lies not here----'Tis not a thing
 Of noise and tinsel represents a king;
 Nor is th' affected step, or tragic tone,
 The mark whereby true majesty is shown:
 'Tis not to speak as bards of later time
 Attempt to write, all madden'd with sublime;
 Scorning the common road and vulgar stile,
 Thro' unknown paths and rugged ways they toil;
 Swell, proudly swell, in tyranny of state,
 And labour most unnaturally great.
 Oh! far unlike the bards of antient days,
 Who justly claim a never dying praise!
 These boldly dar'd to simple nature trust,
 Secure, tho' critics aw'd severely just.
 In this bright field, each muse's palm is won,
 This path just **TERENCE**, merry **PLAUTUS** run:
 Unknown, O **VARIUS**! what thy claim to praise,
 Untimely snatch'd from these degenerate days.

'Tis great to nature's utmost height t' aspire,
 But all beyond is false mistaken fire.
 The first chief step to those who would excell
 (f) Is this, to understand their author well.
 Peruse him often o'er, pursue his taste,
 Whether on just, or vicious objects plac'd:
 Strive not to give his labour'd nonsense ease,
 Nor strain your lungs to make vile fustian please;
 Seek not t'improve him, tho' he goes amiss,
 But justly know, and act him as he is.

(f) *Dicere nemo bene potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.*

CICERO.

By this, tho' should the character be damn'd,
 The poet, not the player, should be blam'd.
 In a new work no wilful errors make,
 Consult the author, nor the sense mistake;
 No labour'd meanings of your own invent,
 Nor wisely tell the bard what 'twas he meant.

WHEN first a part's design'd to be your lot,
 Mark well the stile, the characters, and plot;
 Hence learn the poet's aim, for what your use,
 And to what end the other parts conduce:
 If doom'd to share the bus'ness of the play,
 With life begin, nor let that life decay:
 But if to useless purposes assign'd,
 Be useless then, and suit the poet's mind.
 Be not afraid of being often seen,
 Nor seem too busy in a lifeless scene;
 In doing thus, your dulness may disgrace,
 Or you prove oft officious out of place.
 How oft a *buskin* doth a message bring,
 Stalking along as tho' himself were king;
 And, more to make his vast importance heard,
 Raves out the mighty business of a *card*?
 In the same scene, see *kings* debase the stage,
 With speech and action that might grace a *page*.

THO' some there are, adorn'd with regal vest,
 Scorn to be less than that for which they're drest,
 So speak full three times louder than the rest;
 If their great judgment was to rule the play's,
 How would the various sounds enchant our ears?

At

At will an *emp'ror* might extend his roar,
 His voice a *petty king* sink one key low'r;
 A *prince*, or *peer* restrain three notes his bawl,
 And the *plebeians* scarce be heard at all.
 Inverted nature! see how far astray;
 When nature guides not, men mistake the way.

YET these are fav'rites of the thoughtless croud,
 Who wisely judge they're great, because they're
 loud.

To what a height is declamation grown,
 With all the *prigs* and *lawyer's clerks* in town?
 How happy he! who blest with STENTOR's lungs
 STENTOR, the loudest of the Grecian tongues!
 No other art he needs to stun your ears,
 Or think himself the ROSCIUS of the play'rs:
 Thus greatly form'd, unaw'd by sense or age,
 Despotic critic of the laws o'th' stage,
 He blames, condemns, instructs, approves, what no
 And deals the science out he never got.
 His precepts freely told, thus dwindle down
 To all th' *apprentice connoisseurs* in town:
 Thus *barbers boys* with equal art aspire,
 And top, ev'n GARRICK top in tragic fire.

THRICE easy art! devoid of learning gain'd
 With little pains, less common sense obtain'd.
 With what strange frenzy are our youths inspir'd
 Each with th' ambition of an actor fir'd.
 The son, whose father a true plodding cit,
 Whose fires and grandfires had more coin than w

Negle

Neglects *addition* and *subtraction's* art,
 And all his time employs to get a part.
 Forbear my son, his anxious father cries,
Angels and ministers! the boy replies;
 Whilst the poor parent trembles for his child,
 And fears by wicked plays his darling's spoil'd.
 In vain the master views, with wond'ring eyes,
 His raving prentice start in wild surprize;
 When now, *a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*
 he cries.

Lo! the sage *chamberlain* reproves in vain,
 The lad is lost, incurable his brain!
 His fire's reproofs as wisely are restrain'd.
 Who would provoke a *Bajazet* unchain'd?

HARD is the task in fetter'd rhyme to teach
 The grace of attitude, and art of speech;
 Each varied passion justly to express,
 And please by merit, tho' your praise be less.
 Example here o'er precept would prevail:
 The tutor oft' succeeds where lessons fail.

YET with distrust behold what others do,
 Till reas'ning first you find their judgment true:
 The best sometimes mistake an author's thought,
 Nor is e'en QUIN himself without a fault.
 To imitate, requires you should discern,
 What thence you may, and what you may not learn.
 If then by merit should a play'r aspire,
 And just *elogiums* from the town acquire;
 Mark what his genius, unimprov'd by art,
 Mark by what means he gains each fav'rite part.

B

By

By what his talents to perfection shine,
 And from his methods learn t' embellish thine :
 Else, while his tone and manner you would gain,
 Such affectation will appear too plain ;
 Your care and toil be spent at nature's cost,
 His worth in yours, and yours in his be lost.

No affectation can with justice please ;
 Your speech be freedom, and your action ease.
 Avoid the habits, and conceit of those,
 Whose constant flourishes each sentence close ;
 Nor join with those, who keep still drudging on,
 All parts alike in one continu'd tone :
 Tho' fear should startle, or tho' rage inflame,
 Their periods rise and fall and close the same.

SOME to do right are ever in the wrong,
 And change their tones as oft as in a song ;
 Now mutter low, now raise their voice on high,
 Now quick, now slow, and all they know not why
 This sudden change you must with care avoid :
 Tho' fools commend, the men of sense are cloy'd.
 'Tis not in nature, tho' it oft appear
 The strength of judgment to the vulgar ear.

COPY not those who, bent to please the town,
 Distort their features with a settl'd frown ;
 Anxious thro' tragic scenes look sow'r and toil,
 Nay laugh in *comedy*, without a smile.
 Others again the dagger's point defy,
 Can smile in horror while their audience cry,

And

And emulating (g) PIERRE, their latest breath
 Boldly like him resign, and laugh in death.
 Some fond to please, their great desire express,
 (b) And shew their genius in the choice of dress.
 Be decent here ; but greater worth assume,
 Nor think that merit nods upon the plume.

Who would by worth deserve an actor's name,
 Should ne'er in various parts appear the same ;
 But ev'ry character with art t' express,
 Should change his carriage, as he changes dress :
 Else be whate'er the doughty hero's name,
 We know the player, for he's just the same ;
 And yet so fond of change have others been,
 As to transform themselves thro' ev'ry scene ;
 While all their various attitudes express,
 Enough it was, we knew them by their dress.
 Thus when, by this just caution unconfin'd,
 We see a BUCKINGHAM and RICHARD join'd ;
 Or, tho' a haughty *Bajazet* he came,
 The blust'ring lion dwindles to a lamb.

No

(g) A character in OTWAY's *Venice preserv'd*, who dies laughing.

(b) This artifice we find met with some success in HORACE's time, as well as at present.

*Dixit adhuc aliquid?—nil sane—quid placet ergo?
 Lana tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

What has he spoken?—No—then whence arose
 That loud applause?—his robe with purple glows.

FRANCIS.

No little use, to those who would succeed,
Is the great art of knowing how to read.
'Tis not to speak the words, but know to place
Each *emphasis*, with nature, strength and grace.
Without this art the buskin rants in vain,
And tears our ears and his weak lungs with pain:
This saves the drooping audience from the spleen,
This from the hiss protects the lifeless scene,
That might full oft' on solemn dulness break,
When players talk for nought but talking's sake.

IN threatenng *vengeance* be your accents strong,
Loud, sharp, vehement, bold, and ne'er too long.
If mix'd with hate, and silence is impos'd,
Envenom'd, slow, be ev'ry sentence clos'd.
Defiance darted to an equal foe
Must be impatient, loud, and never slow:
If less in pow'r, or more ignobly born,
Let it be join'd with insolence and scorn.
The fault that seems to captivate the stage,
Is to be noisy to express a rage;
Thus to conform, (for most the maxim hold)
The *men* turn *bullies*, and the *women* *scold*:
While some too much against the *rant* complain,
And act the (i) *pathos* in too soft a strain.
'Tis not enough the furious fallies rise,
Unless you look destruction with your eyes:
'Tis not enough in *fear* your voice be low,
Your tongue should falter and your speech be slow.
When

(i) The *Greeks* stiled the strong and more violent passions
Hæthos, as the softer and more stealing — were term'd *Hêthos*.

When the *pale ghost* looks dreadful, stalking by,
 Stand mute, fix'd, trembling, with a stedfast eye;
 If *horror* strikes from some uncertain sound,
 Fix'd in amaze; stand wildly gazing round.
 Roll not the glaring eye, nor twist the face,
 Lest all your art convert into grimace.
 In *grief*, should melting softness grace the whole,
 This charms the ear, and captivates the soul (*k*).
 Ne'er want for passion when your parts require;
 Better too much, than have too little fire:
 Yet ne'er emotion feel without a cause,
 Tho' all the *gall'ry* thunder down applause.
 How pleasant 'tis, to see an awkward play'r
 Tell a plain story with a frighten'd air;
 Load the no meaning words with threat'ning sound,
 And each attentive ear with discord wound?

This

(*k*)——— *Tristia mæstum**Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum,**Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.**Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem**Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,**Aut ad humum mærori gravi deducit, & angit;**Post effert animi motus, interprete lingua.*

HORACE.

The varying face should ev'ry passion show,

And words of sorrow wear the look of woe;

Let it in joy assume a vivid air,

Pierce, when in rage; in seriousness severe:

For nature to each change of fortune forms

The secret soul, and all its passions warms.

Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,

Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.

The tongue these various movements must express.

FRANCIS.

This fault prevails, because it suits the croud,
 Whate'er is singular, with them, is good.
 See in one corner of the crouded pit,
 A tasteless critic, or a learned cit,
 Clapping aloud, admiring with surprize,
Well, blefs me, Sirs, that's very great! he cries :
That speech was nothing when I heard it read ;
*I find----*then claps again---- *'tis fine when play'd.*

WHENE'ER in plays, deriv'd from th' epic source,
 Th' *Hypotyposis* you'd with art enforce,
 Despise not action, that, like shades in paint,
 Gives life and beauty where description's faint:
 But when the passions animate the soul,
 Or fear or anxious thought the mind controul,
 Reject description ; 'tis an aukward dress
 Which then the mind's too busy to exprefs.

OUR younger players fail, thro' vain desire
 Beyond their predecessors to aspire ;
 Thus, with each glitt'ring fancy, poorly strive
 That to surpass to which they can't arrive.
 See the young stripling of aspiring age,
 Who scarce has seen two winters on the stage,
 Exulting in a character appears,
 Took from some player, sunk in debt and years ;
 Anxious to shew his own superior art,
 With tasteless care embellishes the part,
 With many a turn of speech, and new disco-
 ver'd start:

He meets success, the tasteless herd commend,
 And from the (l) gods the thund'ring shouts descend.
 What tho' no merit he could justly claim?
 He boasts applause, and glories in his shame.
 Once on a time arriv'd a strolling play'r,
 With all his baggage, at a country fair.
 The justice fee'd, a barn with scenes was grac'd,
 The stage erected, and the drum well brac'd.
 T' entice the croud with specimens of art,
 Two brother-fools were mounted in a cart:
 A cart, the wand'ring stage of Grecian play'rs,
 In days of yore, when (m) THESPIS kept the fairs.
 The num'rous herd the trumpet gathers round,
 And the loud salt-box joins its clatt'ring sound:
 Silent were all, attentive, gaping, fix'd (n);
 Eager to catch the joke that follow'd next:
 When now a wittier thing than all he'd said,
 T' engage them in, comes into ANDREW's head.
 Much preparation made, and strange grimace,
 At last he ventures to explain the case.
 But, oh misfortune! just to skim the jest,
 A sudden start his great concern express;
 When now the cart, o'erpois'd beneath his weight,
 Unprop'd behind, o'erturn'd them in the street.

A

(l) A name for the people in the upper gallery; in the manner as the French term their gallery *paradise*.

(m) *Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camenæ
 Dicitur, & plaustri vexisse poemata Thespis,*

He Qui canerent, agerentque, peruncti facibus ora:

HORACE.

(n) *Contiguere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.*

VIRGIL.

A street of mud it was, their art was foil'd,
 The jest and all the motley garb quite spoil'd.
 Thus anxious for applause, the artless play'r
 Spoils all his part by too much warmth and care.
 Thirst not too much for popular applause,
 That oft' commends and blames without a cause;
 (o) Nor trust too boldly on too great a part,
 That may at once betray your want of art:
 Who goes beyond his pow'r has no pretence,
 But wretched vanity and want of sense.
 Be not too fond in various parts to shine,
 But study those which most your thoughts incline.
 'Tis nat'ral to do well where genius leads;
 But where's the man in ev'ry part succeeds?

How few are those, with strength of genius blest,
 By art enripen'd, that outshine the rest.
 And ev'n those few, admir'd for acting well,
 Not in all parts or passions can excell.
 In strength of judgment, insolence of rage,
 Lo! QUIN appears an ÆSOP of the stage.
 In anger's sallies, and in comic lines,
 GARRICK another ROSCIUS greatly shines.
 In the calm scenes where pity strikes the breast,
 And softer rage, is BARRY's worth confest.
 'Tis LEE our hearts with manly periods warms,
 And RYAN justly with his action charms.
 With air and sweetness WOFFINGTON may please
 WARD charms with tenderness, and CLIVE with
 ease.

Bu

(o) — *Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri.*

HORACE.

But hard to say where CIBBER's most compleat,
 In ev'ry part, in ev'ry passion great.
 What less *elogiums* are to PRITCHARD due,
 Whose worth so varied, and whose faults so few?
 Yet one excells to draw our tender *tears*,
 The other more in *majesty* appears;
 In *rage* and *terror* equal is their art,
 And both in *madness* captivate the heart.

THOSE paths pursue your genius hath begun,
 Left, those neglecting, you excell in none.
 If to the *comic* muse you most apply,
 To men and manners keep a constant eye.
 Be no one character in life forgot,
 The *coward*, *bully*, *foppington* or *fo*.
 In ev'ry person of each varied kind,
 Search deep the active seeds that rule the mind.
 By tracing thus your feelings, whence they rise,
 You justly judge where other's folly lies;
 Know well the bounds their varied foibles feel,
 As men discover drunkards by their reel.
 But well in *comic* scenes this maxim learn,
 Nature from wav'ring custom to discern.
 Tho' nature flows in one continu'd stream,
 From great MENANDER's days to these, the same:
 Yet manners vary, as we vary dress;
 Which the judicious player should express.
 As if to fools that grace a CONGREVE's play,
 You add the fopp'ries of the present day:
 What wretched images will thence be shown?
 Unlike his fools, and as unlike our own.

C

(p) The

(p) The world's wide stage be ever in your view
 And there th' originals in life pursue.
 Here affectation will more plain appear;
 For ev'ry mortal is a critic here.
 For in the scenes of common life we see
 What nature is, not what she ought to be.
 In parts where strength of passion is requir'd,
 Be not with rant, or tragic fury fir'd.
 In mod'rate bounds be ev'ry speech restrain'd,
 Who toils the most, we do not most commend.
 But in those scenes where native humour's hit,
 Free from the curse of farce, or curse of wit,
 Spoil not the great design with paltry art,
 But take from nature what you give the part.

BUT whither, say, is fled the comic power!
 Say why nor bards nor players feel it more!
 See but one QUIN, one GARRICK on the stage,
 See but one FIELDING bless this barren age.
 Awake ye bards! for bards we still can boast,
 By genius warm'd and not in dulness lost;
 Dare to be just, the dregs of taste despise,
 And paint us manners as they strike our eyes:
 By dull politeness ne'er be drawn aside;
 Be nature only your unerring guide.
 Hence colours live, words heighten into men,
 From HOGARTH'S pencil, and from SMALLETT
 pen.

(p) *Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & vivas hinc ducere voces.*

HOR.

OH! for a *genius* by the *muse* inspir'd,
 Warm to delight, by tragic greatness fir'd ;
 Bless'd with a MALLET's strength, the taste of HILL,
 ROWE's stealing softness, and a DRYDEN's skill :
 Oh could these stores enrich one human mind!
 By OTWAY's nature, THOMSON's sweetness join'd;
 Or for each muse, like daring CONGREVE, fit,
 With VANBRUGH's sprightliness, and CIBBER's
 wit.

OH fruitless wish! go scribblers, dare to write;
 Call farce bright wit, be dulness call'd polite.
 Mistaken bards! go, let the paltry dress
 Of labour'd words your lamer thoughts express:
 Boldly write on, and let our language feel
 The racks and tortures of the straining wheel:
 Let witless boys your painful works recite,
 Mad to rehearse, as you are mad to write.
 For say if e'er the *stage* again shall view,
 Like what from *nature's works* a SHAKESPEAR drew.

F I N I S.

I 191

On! for a swim by the sun's light,
to delight, by magic ground, mind;
d with a swimmer's strength, the best of things
w's, feeling, feeling, and a Dancer's skill;
could these notes enter one human mind!
O w's name, Thomas's name, join;
for each make, like being, Conserve, the
in Vassar's brightness, and Cresset's



On! for a swim by the sun's light,
to delight, by magic ground, mind;
d with a swimmer's strength, the best of things
w's, feeling, feeling, and a Dancer's skill;
could these notes enter one human mind!
O w's name, Thomas's name, join;
for each make, like being, Conserve, the
in Vassar's brightness, and Cresset's

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